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UTSC's student newspaper since 1980

The Underground

Wednesday, November 20, 2002

Volume 22, Issue 11

Police still looking for two suspects

Act One Seen Too!

Instant messages kill conversation

The Russians are coming!

SCSP
Needs You!

SCSP (Scarborough Campus Student Press) is currently looking for new members for it's Board of Directors. Anyone who is interested should contact the Underground for further details.

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SCSP is currently looking for people to fill the following positions:

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There will be a general meeting of the Scarborough Campus Students' Press on November 27th, at 8:00 p.m. in Rm S-364.

If you're interested in taking on one of the positions listed above, please plan to attend.

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Letters and Opinions Policy

At **The Underground** we love unsolicited material, especially letters and opinion pieces. Should such material be typed or printed and delivered to **The Underground**'s snazzy portable by or before noon on the Friday prior to the desired publication date, we will more than likely print it. We kindly ask that submissions be of 800 words or less and that they include the writer's name and student number.

Submissions become the property of **The Underground** and may or may not be published at the whim of *The Editorial Board*. *The Board* reserves the right to poke fun at submissions, post them on the wall in **The Underground**'s snazzy portable (for the enjoyment of our staff and guests) or alter them in print in any way provided it is so acknowledged. By submission, authors implicitly bow down to the total editorial control of *The Editorial Board* and freely consent to the addition witty comments and criticisms (especially in the case of libelous or malicious submissions) courtesy of the snarky editors.

For a more official-sounding **Letters and Opinions Policy** contact ***undergnd@utsc.utoronto.ca***

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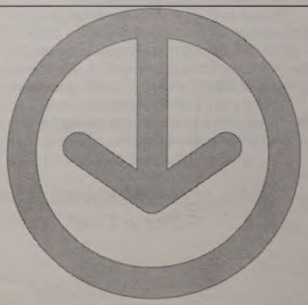

editorial

Disappearing Act:
We never talk anymore...

Last week, *The Underground* flew out of the racks. Maybe it was my cynicism, or maybe it was a sign of how well I know Scarborough, but I knew something was up.

As *The Underground* staff are more than happy to point out, the majority of UTSC students don't read this paper. Some would go further still and argue that it isn't clear that many UTSC students can read at all... Regardless of this, and as much as I wanted to think that last week marked a change at this campus, I knew it couldn't be so. Some rummaging through recycling bins on Friday confirmed my suspicions: I found nearly 100 copies of the newspaper dumped in the trash.

Now, a word to *The Underground*'s saboteurs: Madames et monsieurs... Should you be contemplating such subversive measures in the future, you should not underestimate this editor's willingness to rifle through refuse in broad daylight, in the Meeting Place, with other horrified students looking on. If you're going to do away with a week's worth of issues, for spite, or to prevent the student body from reading an article that portrays your organisation in an unflattering (though accurate) light, take them further than the nearest recycling bin.

I cannot and I will not say "Don't do it again!" because two years ago, when *The Underground* was commanded by the poet-laureate, Nadia the Terrible, I too saw fit to wage a guerrilla war against this paper. I once stole 400 copies of the paper, "censored" them by randomly blacking-out words or phrases with my Sharpie and replaced them on the racks. I hoped that other students would see this as a critique of the content of the newspaper, namely that the quality of the paper seemed entirely unaffected by the obscured content. I don't think I succeeded, but that isn't my point.

There is an art to this, my dears. There is an art of dissent. This business of simply throwing newspapers away, well, it's decidedly pedestrian, it is very much not sophisticated.

We welcome dissent at *The Underground*, whether in a *letter to the editor* (please don't forget to spell-check!) Or an *opinion-piece*, or even in the form of *media-jamming*. But throwing hundreds of papers away? That's just plebeian.

What we need at this campus is some real discussion. And it's coming slowly... one culturally diverse step at a time.

Chris McKinnon
Editor in Chief

letters

She's not being facetious...

Dear Editor,

I would like to heartily congratulate you on your brilliant flash of inspiration of last week. I'm referring, of course, to putting the editor's pet article in a font that was one whole point larger than the rest of the paper. This was partially a survival tactic since it came right after the Player's Light two-page centerfold ad, and it had to get people's attention somehow. But what better way to say "fuck you" to the Women's Centre *and* the rest of your cracker staff while at the same time benefiting those who wear prescription glasses. Don't even try to claim that this was a mistake. You're so clever you media-jam your own paper.

Love,
Sarah Barmak

Hate our guts? Wish we were dead?

Send any opinions or letters to the editor to:

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or email undergnd@utsc.utoronto.ca with "Opinion" or "Letter to the Editor" in the subject line.

(By the way, we're total masochists; we'll print whatever you send us.)

"Never fight an inanimate object."
-P. J. O'Rourke

comments

Making Contact

Frog In My Throat
Merika I. Ramundo

I love to write. Whether it is writing a grant proposal to the Ontario Arts Council or penning a poem while on the toilet bowl, I have a longing to express what I feel through the power of my words. I have even set up a makeshift poetry station in front of my room with a steel board and word magnets to encourage my housemates and guests to start writing. This is how strongly I feel about the experience of art and creative thought. So it's no wonder then, that I hate the feeling I get when I experience bad art. It's like this sinking feeling that weighs into my body. It gets me frustrated, angry even… to the point where I want to tell everyone and everything (including my frogs) how utterly pathetic and cruel the world must be for shelling out the dough to create such garbage. If you haven't already guessed, the past couple of weeks have been particularly depressing for me. The only thing about bad art that is good is that it inspires me to create better art.

Of course it's all subjective, you might say. You might question who I am; just some columnist (for a Scarborough paper, no less) claiming that something is pure drivel when the person next to her might think it's the next best thing to Picasso? All I know is that art should touch whoever interacts with it and by "touch" I mean that art should instigate a profound, heightened sense of awareness. It should attempt to explore the essence of something transcendent and utterly impossible to describe like beauty or truth. It should be playful or serious, depending on the context. It should keep its audience in mind. It should create a relationship, a friendship even, where emotions and connections are made through a continuous discourse, verbal or not, conscious or not.

Interestingly enough, I went into the Elgin Theatre a couple of weeks back thinking that the musical I was about to see, entitled *Contact,* was going to provide me with just that. "Wow", I thought. "A show about the physical, emotional, psychological contact that we, as humans, all seem to crave from others……this is going to be more than just a song and dance number……this is going to be an experience." Unfortunately, this 2000 winner of the Tony Award for Best Musical was the worst piece of "theatre" known to humankind and I use the term "theatre" very loosely. Contact could be

described as a pseudo-musical-dance piece with almost no script and get this — recorded music. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the new era of the musical — the disappearance of live music and song, a very weak storyline and dance that tries its darndest to match up with Fred and Ginger but falls short — in a big, fat, huge, ugly way.

Contact's creator Susan Stroman has been hailed by some critics as an innovator, an avant-gardist who has brought a new kind of look to the musical. I don't buy it. If you want to move someone with art or want to explore the concept of "contact" with an audience in a creative way you have to reach the five senses. You have to somehow create something that is alive with meaning, something that will strike home with your audience. *Contact* did not reach me at all. It did not want to make me sing in the rain or feel the sun beaming against my face. All it made me want to do was to find a way to reach out to people in a better way.

I want to connect with you.

I realize that I already communicate with you when you read my commentary but I want to do more. Hell, we spend too much time walking aimlessly from one destination to another without as much as a glance towards the people that surround us. So I propose this: I am going to give you, Underground readers, the chance to meet and hug me in the hope that I may do the same. If anyone has every seen the music video ""Everyday"" by Dave Matthews Band, you will know what I"m getting at.

About the Cover

This week's cover art is a painting. *Untitled, by J. A. Mason*

About the Artist: J. A. Mason

full name:	Jennifer Anne Mason
birthplace:	North York
sun sign:	Leo
dogs or cats:	dogs
bubble tea or chai latte:	neither (coffee, maybe...)

Mason currently lives in Etobicoke, and works a day-job doing "contract admin work," because it allows her the flexibility to take time off to work on her art. After highschool, Mason dabbled as a professional tennis umpire, and briefly considered a career therein. She later attended OCAD for three years of the four-year program, and might return to finish it off "if she ever wants to teach." She is currently at work on a commissioned portrait and another series, and plans to explore the themes of Formula One in the near future. While not feeling unduly influenced by any single artist, she admires the work of Rembrandt and Dali. Plans for next year include a trip to Italy, where Mason's time will be spent exploring and "soaking up the culture" in Florence.

For more information about the artist, or to find out how to contact the artist, please email The Underground.

opinion

Welcome To The University Of Toronto

Could you please sign this waiver?

Matt Capper

Why study at UTSC? Is the question asked on the admissions page of UTSC's beautiful and disorganized website (but we will leave that one alone for now), the answer given right below it; "Choosing UTSC means that you will be studying at the finest university in Canada." If this is not enough to encourage new students to come to UTSC, the page also defines our campus atmosphere, as an "informal atmosphere [that] encourages you to develop your own talents and become actively involved in campus life."

Informal? Encouraging? Really? I beg to differ. During the week of October 31, the SCSU had its first of two spirit weeks, to help promote school spirit and ENCOURAGE students to take part. As a member of the committee organizing the three days of events, I found myself experiencing just how FORMAL and DISCOURAGING the powers-that-be at UTSC, are. Being put in charge of the second day I decided that maybe it was time to bring something different to the students instead of the regular boring shit. We decided that day two would be a sports oriented day, however being an individual that is more into alternative sports I put forth the suggestion of possibly having demonstrations of a few of these sports. It was agreed on by the committee and the organizing began, along with it the legal bullshit of the ever so bureaucratic University Of Toronto.

The idea was to bring in professional skateboarders and bikers who would put on a demonstration for the students in The Meeting Place, as well as other games and activities for everyone. After receiving a blatant "NO", from facilities manager, Nick Macdonnell, with the reasoning of liability and insurance, I was sent away to come up with a written proposal. To cut this part of the story short after three visits with Mr. Macdonnell I was sent on to a "higher power", by the name of Jack Martin. Mr. Martin was very enthusiastic about this event and seemed to want to see it happen, but once again the catch was liability. Liability? Is exactly what I asked, and the answer I received back was the fact that the university was worried that if a student got hurt, the university might be sued.

However, these issues were clearly taken care of in the proposal and did not seem to me to be problematic. After all, the chances of someone getting hurt would be less than those of a student falling down the stairs in the Meeting Place. However, once again I was pushed on to a "higher power", this being Mr. Student Affairs himself Tom Nowers. In short the resolution to this problem of insurance was to have the companies, which were individually owned stores who happened to do these events as promotions, sign a contract that took all liability off the University and placed it on these stores, and also ensured that the stores had insurance for up to $2 million.

So here is the situation so far, we INVITED two companies to come out and put on demonstrations, they were happy to do it and would do it for free. The university turned around and said "sure, but we have to cover our multi-million dollar asses, so could you please sign this contract that holds you liable for everything." So the event was off and we were stuck once again with "the same old shit". However, in a sudden change of events the SCSU decided that they would take care of the insurance and that the event would happen, until once again the powers that be stepped in and denied the SCSU's attempt to give the students a little bit of excitement. So day two was now to be very similar to the ones in previous years with a few games and some music. In an attempt to liven up these events and salvage the day, Flow 93.5 was brought in to pump out some music and get the students hyped up and active. However, shortly after they began the complaints that the music was too loud started to pour in and the music was lowered to a barely recognizable whisper. These complaints were not complaints of the students, who all seemed to be enjoying the lack of events, but those of the people in power that stopped the planned events from happening.

So I ask: Is this university really one that encourages its students in all aspects of student life? Or is this university a university that wants us out of here as soon as possible and does not want its students to enjoy the time spent here?" It is about time that this university stopped thinking about money and started thinking about its students, I mean the reason we don't have a library this year or a shuttle bus to the downtown library is so that UTSC could save money; money, which is ours in the first place. U of T's powers-that-be need to start working for, not against, its students. After all we do pay those hefty salaries of theirs.

Questioning the Undifferentiated Bitch

Is it Independence or Racial Segregation?

Drunken Philosopher An Other

I have been pondering the idea of attacking this issue, and what with this being Cultural Awareness week, in addition to the various comments made of late by President Birgeneau, *The Underground*'s own Lord of Darkness, and that lovely dissident Canadian Forever, I figured this is as good a time as any.

Mr. Darkness certainly brought up some key issues, one that especially struck me was the idea of segregation. I myself have been wondering about this phenomenon for quite a while now, and I feel relieved that I'm not the only one to have noticed it. The people of UTSC, of Toronto in general, and I can only assume this is also the same for much of the rest of the world, self segregate themselves. In this sense I am not talking about cliques, or what type of people one chooses as their comrades (though this is a factor). I speak of the segregation of selves by race. Black people are friends with black people, yellow people are friends with yellow people, brown people are friends with brown people, and dare I mention the shnozzberries?

I will not lie: For the most part I fall into this segregation of race as well. I am very, very white, and most of my friends are as well, but my girlfriend is distinctly brown. I mention this last fact not because it shows that I look outside skin color, but to point out to all you stereotype hating assholes that there are, of course, exceptions to this unwritten rule of segregation. But for my part I should also mention that my love of exotic women is exactly that; I have no taste for white women, and see nothing wrong with exogamy. So in a sense I am still part of some sort of racism, namely in my distaste for white women. Go figure.

I have examined, in my own mind, why all this segregation takes place, and I believe I have come up with a reasonable excuse for this act of self-segregation. Of course everyone picks their friends by what they are like. A computer-holic is not likely to find any common ground to establish a meaningful, or even enjoyable, friendship with a sport-aholic. Likewise a Muslim is not going to be likely enjoy the company of a Jew. A preppy trance-loving Indian boy is not likely going to establish a workable friendship with a thugged-out white junglist. A white punk kid is not likely going to enjoy the extended company of an Ecko and doo-rag wearing black b-boy. But in the same line I should mention that when I see groups of people who are not all of the same skin color, though this is rare, the hair of each person, the clothes of each person, and the language of each person is generally the same.

Why is this? I think it should be obvious. If you want to go to the Guvernment every Friday night there is probable little chance that you would want to go to System Soundbar for Body-Roc. And if a potential comrade is just the opposite in this regard then there is not much common ground to work on. So of course in this sense we will segregate our selves.

But where does it start? That is the area of the general question that I don't think I can answer. Why do these stereotypes of the white-thug junglist, the black-thug rapper, the Asian computer nerd, and the Indian preppy boy start? These stereotypes exist for a reason—they are for the most part reliable—but why does one race find certain lifestyles more appealing than another? Is it because Japan is the home of technology, the ghetto is the home of black culture and hip hop, and because white middle-class boys have nothing better to do than be angry at a system they don't think they can fight so therefore waste all their allowances on hallucinogens and Doors albums to feel like they are a part of something?

These characterizations are racist. That is a fact. But are they *insultingly* racist? I would argue that they aren't. To say that different races, and different cultures, should all be interested in the same activities amounts to absurdity. I say kudos to racist student groups (sorry, *cultural* student groups) here at UTSC. While cross-fertilization and integration of cultures and races should be promoted, there is no reason that it should be done to a degree where the world becomes one single mongrel species.

While I don't think I have said anything wondrously new or innovative here, I just thought that it was an issue that has been of some concern lately here at UTSC, and that another opinion on the matter would be useful, if for no other reason than to instigate some sort of hate-mail.

So I pose to the UPSI yet another question, this one with four parts: Why does Canadian Forever have to be stupid (why do I think s/he is stupid? I don't know, just answer the question!), what does it say about Canadians as a race (regarding stereotypical interests perhaps), and why does a certain race have distinct lifestyles? And more realistically, do you believe that these lifestyles are *not* in fact correlating to race, but more precisely to culture?

The News In Brief...

The Russians are coming

USSR membership drive in Meeting Place

This past week if you walked through the Meeting Place, you may have noticed a table set up for the USSR. This is a new club at UTSC, and club president Svetlana Orlovsky was kind enough to answer a few of our questions about the USSR.

The USSR has only been running since October of this year, however they already have a membership of 35. The name of this club is certainly controversial and we asked Ms. Orlovsky her reasons for choosing the clubs name.

"Indeed the club name does carry with it some conotations but those are not in anyway intended to be offensive to anyone. The only reason for choosing the name is that most of the Russian-speaking community in Toronto comes from the former USSR, which at its time held many different countries and cultures together. Therefore, Russian-speaking students from different countries that are now separate still have USSR in common. The name only carries the conotation of point of origin, and does not in ANY WAY carry in it conotations to communism."

Ms. Orlovsky hopes that this new club will "help bridge relations between Russian and non-Russian students" and she assured the Underground that students who do not speak Russian are more than welcome to come out and learn more about Russian culture.

So after a mostly succesful membership drive the USSR invites all students to come out and learn more. Interested students can find more information from the SCSU offices.

No Library, No Class

Construction on the new library is continuing and much has been completed. Wood and metal have been neatly stacked and dirt has been nicely piled. In other construction news, the new residence hall is also coming along well. Many residence students from last year were concerned that noise from the construction would be a problem for residents in F-Block. When asked if this had, in fact, become a problem, one F-11 resident replied that he had gotten used to the noise for the most part and it didn't bother him much. He did add, however, that the noise from the construction tended to drown out his alarm clock, and he was thus regularly late or absent from many of his morning and afternoon classes. This doesn't bother him much either.

Poetry in Bloom

Canadian poet Ronna Bloom performed a reading and guest lecture Friday at UTSC. Bloom read from her first book of poetry, Fear of the Ride, and also from the recently published Personal Effects. When asked about what she thought her own role as narrator of her poems was, she replied that in her first book the narration was very personal. In her newest book, however, she said that she "kind of wanted to get out the way a bit," and that the narrator of most of the poems was not her specifically. She wanted the poems to "stand on their own" more. Bloom's next effort is another collection of poetry, titled Public Works and will be coming out sometime in the near future.

But it Must Be This Way

UTSC students turned into a horde of walking billboards Friday after a mass-marketing company for Perrier soda water handed out free bottles of the Perrier product to make sure everybody knew that their bottles were now plastic instead of glass. Yay.

"The News In Brief..." is compiled by The Underground's new News Editors, Gordon Lane and Dan Sharpe.

TWO THEFT SUSPECTS REMAIN UNIDENTIFIED

The University of Toronto at Scarborough Student Crime Stoppers and the University of Toronto Police would like to thank the community for taking such a keen interest in this incident. Many individuals came forward to show that they are taking ownership of their University and are displeased that this type of activity could occur here. The suspect photos posted outside the UTSC Police office have been the subject of intense scrutiny over the past week.

While two of the individuals depicted in the video stills have been identified and investigated, two other suspects have not. The two males in question played key roles in the theft of the video game motherboard.

Theft from UTSC Arcade Video Machine -
Caught on Tape at 1:38 p.m. Monday, November 4th, 2002
At 138 p.m. Monday, November 4th, 2002 two unidentified male youths moved a video game called 'Bust-A-Move' away from doorway view in the 2nd level Bladen Wing Arcade. The 1st male stood in front of the 2nd male while he pried the machine open and removed the motherboard (operating system). The males then departed the arcade quickly.

Descriptions:

Male #2 - Male, dark skin, possibly Indian descent, 6'0", approx. 23 yrs, heavier build (210 lbs.), wearing a black toque with light insignia on the front, grey sweater with horizontal stripe 8 inch horizontal stripe across chest, dark pants and a black leather jacket. He inspected the entrance camera several times, likely believing it to be phony. He also broke into the video game and removed the motherboard.

Male #1 - Male, possible Asian descent, 5'5", 150 lbs. clean shaven, light build, approx. 20 yrs., wearing a light ball cap, white down-filled winter coat and dark pants. He provided cover while the 2nd male forcibly entered the video machine.

If you recognize either of these males please notify UTSC Police immediately at 416-287-7398. Photos of the suspects are available for viewing inside and outside the UTSC Police office.

If you wish to remain anonymous, you can call Student Crime Stoppers at 416-222-TIPS. Crime Stoppers will pay a cash reward for any information that will lead to an arrest or successful conclusion of this incident. Callers never have to give their name or testify in court and they do not use call display. Remember, Crime Stoppers is interested in what you know, not who you are.

arts

Things look up for creative writers at UTSC

Creative Writing Circle is trying to publish a journal...

Keith Friedlander
Arts Editor

To an aspiring, young writer Scarborough Campus might not seem like the ideal environment to progress in one's craft. Some may find university a distracting or even dissuading influence on writing and come to think that creative aspirations must take a back seat to everything else here. On the surface there's little in the way of encouragement, inspiration or community to encourage writers here on campus. UTSC's English student association WoRD seems to be completely defunct this year and there doesn't seem to be anyone organizing a new one. But like so many other things at UTSC, there are more opportunities and outlets for creative writing than is readily apparent.

Every Thursday from 5 until 7pm the UTSC Creative Writing Circle meets in room 207 in the library. Started last spring and maintained by Kristen Guest and the students involved in it, one can join the Writing Circle any evening to talk about creative writing, test out material or hear what others are working on. Right now the group is trying to put together and publish a creative writing journal that will showcase some of the talent here on campus. They are currently accepting submissions for the journal from any and all students in UTSC, so if you'd like to see your work get printed they're providing the opportunity. Submissions must be delivered to Kristen Guest at her office in library room 202 or e-mailed to her at kguest@utsc.utoronto.ca by December 2.

If you don't have time for extra curricular pursuits, there are options being provided within the course calendar for creative writing as well. Professor Garry Leonard of the English department has revived UTSC's writing courses, including a B level course and a C level independent study. The course is limited enrollment and requires the approval of a student's writing portfolio for admittance. This course provides students opportunities to practice, discuss, and revise amongst a group of peers, and Leonard hopes it will help them find their voices.

I had a chance to ask Professor Leonard what he'd like to impart to students interested in his creative writing course and writing in general. "One may not be able to 'teach' people how to be creative," he explained, "but my approach is to make writers more self-aware about how the writing they do is the sum total of choices they have made, and being aware of your writing as the result of choices allows you to debate alternatives." As Flannery O'Connor said when asked by a writer what they would need to have to be a good writer: "All you need is a childhood". My other quote you know is from Robert Frost. When approached by a student in his poetry class and asked, "Do you think I'm a writer?" Frost replied, "Try stopping and see what happens."

Another opportunity to hear some of the local talent and to have your own work heard is coming up in mid to late March when there will be an open-mic night held for students. Details are still sketchy but some of the work produced from the creative writing course will be featured and it will be a great opportunity to meet other writers.

Still, there are other outlets for writers to pursue on campus. The Underground is still accepting submissions of poetry for our Groundworks section and will soon begin having focus sections on specific writers in the student body and their work. One can also pursue their writing endeavours independently. Garth Jensen makes for a good example of how much one can do if they just apply themselves to their writing. He recently held a reading of his completed play "Searching For Adonis" and is now submitting it to the Hart House [Drama Festival].

It's important to keep one's eyes open for opportunities on campus, as a lot of them can easily pass by unnoticed. It's easy to ignore creative writing when more pressing deadlines are so predominant, but UTSC is a surprisingly supporting environment for one to follow their interests. As Leonard told me, "Encouraging creative writing is crucial since a given culture in a given time and place cannot understand itself merely through analysing the statistics it generates. 'Show me the study that proves it' is a popular mantra now as people vie for sparse resources, but there is much that no study can show, and it is this that is the subject of creative writing."

Weekly Haiku

by Sachin Hingo

You wrote a column
And spelled "school" wrong fifteen times.
What a hack you are.

feature

Why Isn't G.I. Joe at War?

by Erin Howe

For years now, women have been complaining that they fall victim to numerous negative influences. Heroin-chic models drive us into eating disorders, promiscuous movie stars force us to choose between "virgin" or "whore" and Barbie compels us to get breast implants.

I think that somehow, the blame has been wrongly shifted from real people to mere playthings. Molded of plastic, and standing only 11 ½" tall, Barbie somehow has grown into a larger-than-life influence, apparently affecting the self-perception of generations of women. Adults who have long since grown out of their fondness for the very things that once brought them joy, now seem believe that the same dolls are capable only of bringing nothing but poor body image. Although I do not question that some women do believe that the unrealistic ideals that Barbie and others embody, I am curious about why men do not appear to suffer from parallel feelings of "Why can't I look like G.I. Joe?" Why does no one feel the need to wage a war against G.I. Joe and his imitators?

Just as little girls grew up dreaming through their fashion dolls, little boys grew up acting out through G.I. Joe. And just as Barbie and has her own disproportionate hip-waist-chest ratio, I'm certain that the action figures that boys toyed with in their youth also had huge and unrealistic pectoral muscles, and shoulders that were so broad that no man could possible attain a similar shape without the aid of steroids. How is it that the action figures are incapable of sending men to the gym in droves? Why aren't more men looking into using so-called "nutritional supplements" to bulk themselves up? What is it that makes Barbie's image so much more potent than G.I. Joe's?

Unfortunately, I do not have any of the answers to these questions. My aim is not to defend Barbie, but to understand why it is that women are more susceptible to feeling like they have to measure up, not only to other people, but to dolls. In an attempt to cultivate curiousity, I wish to leave you not with knowledge, but a hunger for it.

The future of parking at UTSC looks hopeful...

Christian Lucier interviews Kim McLean about what's in store for commuters.

After my interview with Kim McLean, Associate Principal and Chief Administrative Officer, parking conditions in the years to come do appear to be promising. Not only did Ms. McLean address my questions in depth, but she was also well prepared and eager to address my concerns.

It turns out a Governing Council determines the prices for the various forms of parking at UTSC. This council is incredibly complex and complicated. It is made up of the University Affairs Board (UAB), Service and Ancillary Review Group (SARG), the UTSC Planning and Budget Committee, as well as Financial Services. According to Ms. McLean, parking at UTSC is an ancillary. Ancillaries are, "Operations or services a university needs that are not covered by government grants or student tuitions." So right there, all my complaints about expensive parking when I pay nearly six thousand dollars in tuition fees, flies out the window!

Ms. McLean states for the record that UTSC Parking is in transition. Unfortunately, this transition is going to cost us, the commuters. The reasons for this transition phase are the increase in student enrollment and the new Centennial campus, which is being built on the corner of Morningside and Ellsmere. As for the pothole-plagued gravel that is located at the end of the outer lot, this was not fixed over the last two years, due to future plans for the lot that will commence this summer.

Future plans for the parking lots are in the process of becoming a project committee report. I tried to press for some of the information in this report, however my attempts were to no avail. There are still a few things to expect though. For next year, be prepared to see a new lot being created on the opposite side of the outer lot on Military Trail. As well, expect to see the outer lot undergo a bit of a face-lift. After extensive talks with Ms. McLean, it appears as though the outer lots might be shared with Centennial. As of this moment, Centennial does not have any legal entitlements to the outer lot, but discussions are still pending. If it turns out that UTSC commuters will have to share parking spaces with Centennial, Ms. McLean assures me that UTSC will be kept first and foremost in space location and availability. However, be prepared to share with Centennial, for when discussing why the outer lot was not repaired this past summer she states: "Money for Centennial's portion of the parking lot isn't going to arrive yet or… a lot of that hasn't been discussed."

To clarify matters so far, the prices for parking have increased over that last few years, because parking at UTSC is an ancillary, which must obtain funding independently. This on top of deferred repairs and necessary construction, results in a parking fee that is rich. However, even with the information provided by Ms. McLean, new concerns arise. When and if the construction is completed, will the parking fees decrease to a more affordable level or will parking keep them the same or raise them to build their reserves? Also, if we are to share with Centennial and the lot sizes increase, will the maintenance fees increase the parking prices? With the immense size of these lots it is plausible that another parking patroller would be required as well as another ride safe bus. Talk about mo'money, mo'problems.

After my fifteen minutes of allotted interview time were up, Ms. McLean made certain that I had enough information and that my concerns were addressed. I really felt she took the interview seriously, and it was nice to finally get some answers after being derailed time after time. It looks like time will tell how parking rates will go, but Ms. McLean is obviously aware of our concerns as UTSC commuters. Before I left her office, she informed me of a link on the UTSC website, which relates to the growth of the campus. Upon checking it out, I did not find it all that useful. Unfortunately readers, there are no concrete (no pun intended) answers, just the faith and trust we have in the Governing Council and their consideration of our needs.

STEVE MOORE, TEAM MEMBER, RACING IN THE C.A.R.T. SERIES.

Festival of One-Acts Titillates

The Underground's Meghan Hurley nearly wet her pants at *ACT ONE SEEN TOO!*

Ladies and gentleman, boys and girls, the Drama Society presents *Act One, Seen Too*. UTSC's very own Leigha Lee Browne Theatre hosted the fifth annual festival of one act plays. *Act One Seen Too* was a night of acting and musical entertainment that gave students the chance to seduce their audience, and gave them a taste of all aspects of theatre. The show consisted of several one act plays that kept you on the edge of your seat unable to control your laughter. All actors and actresses delivered impeccable performances, and were dedicated to impressing their audience.

The show began with a musical interlude performed by the voluptuous Catherine Hughes in a prom dress, along with Michael P. Taylor tickling the ivories. The musical duet of "Why Can't You Behave" was a performance that must have been dedicated to Dan Savoie, who played the seducer of men's wives in the drama festival. Catherine and Michael set the stage for the night of drama with their cute little rendition.

If you are an aspiring actor and fear disastrous auditions, then I must put an R-rated label on the second performance, "The Role of Della". This one act play, that was directed by Krista Watson, was about a nervous, overly self conscious actress trying to audition for the role of Della in front of a very difficult director. This performance proves that actors truly are talented people who can do any character, even animals! "The Role of Della" was comical, original and very suitable for a night of drama in which the actors probably had a little case of stage fright themselves.

Before intermission, Yuri Cho took centre stage with her monologue titled *Gam-sang (Dark One)*. Have you ever been mistaken for Chinese or Japanese? Well, Yuri has, that's for sure. Her entire self written and self-directed monologue was about being mistaken for Japanese, when she is actually Korean. How someone can write an entire monologue on her mistaken identity is beyond me, but nonetheless she performed a hilarious, yet offensive, mockery of the white man's ignorance. Please keep in mind that the next time you see someone you think is Chinese, before you say "Ley ho ma", stop, drop and think. That's right, they may be Korean.

Following the lovely intermission of overpriced, bitter coffee, the audience was turned on by Dan Savoie in "The Seduction", directed by Sarah Stevenson. Has your true love ever been taken away from you by a very intelligent, sexy and smooth slime bag? That is almost what happens in this play. Dan manages to seduce Anna Claudio (the wife) by using Aaron Ballantine (the husband) to do so. Clever? Why yes, of course! The very sexy Dan Savoie can seduce any lady with that smile!

After being seduced by Dan, "Four Yorkshiremen", written by Monty Python, had the audience in stitches. I can honestly say that I have never laughed so hard at four well dressed men in suits, having a conversation over wine. Aspiring actor, Tom Nittoly, played one of these well dressed men and almost made me fall out of my chair laughing. His character, which was very well played, said to his friends, " I had to get up in the morning at ten o'clock at night, half an hour before I went to bed, eat a lump of cold poison, work twenty-nine hours a day down at the mill, and pay the mill owner for permission to come to work." The seriousness with which he delivered his lines made it absolutely hilarious. He must be a good actor if he can hold a straight face through that scene, because I sure couldn't!

The last one act play to hit the stage was a bad mix of bridesmaids, cupcakes and pointless drama. "Intellectual Discussion or Poor Man's Beckett" is the title of the play that speaks for itself. It was merely a food fight on centre stage. Where is the meaning? The empathy? The credible actors? If I were the writer of the play, I would have called it "Just Desserts", but who am I but a lowly university student.

The festival of drama had its finale with another musical interlude from vocalist Catherine Hughes and pianist Michael Taylor. This musical interlude turned into a bash about musicians that sing about love. It topped off a night of comedy that almost made me wet my pants. The annual play festival is entirely student-run, and is a chance for UTSC students to show off their acting talent. After being part of the audience at this night of drama, I can attest to the fact that UTSC does have some fine young actors.

Rendezvous With Madness Anyone?

by Nadine James

On Thursday, November the 14th I hopped onto a streetcar and began my voyage down Queen to Ossington. Upon arrival, I was immediately faced with the Centre for Addiction and Mental Health – Clark's Institute - where the Workman Theatre Project is located. I got my ticket to see the film *Quitting*, by director Zhang Yang, and suddenly realized that this was going to be a fantastic evening.

The film was part of the Rendezvous With Madness Film Festival, an annual festival, which celebrated its 10th anniversary this year. The objectives of the film festival, according to the Festival Director Lisa Brown, are to "explore the facts and mythologies of mental illness, as presented by Canadian and international filmmakers, to facilitate discussion with respect to these cinematic representations, to provide filmmakers with an opportunity to screen their films, which might not otherwise be seen, and to increase awareness and advocacy for mental health issues and concerns". Being there, I felt it did just that.

Once in the theatre, you are greeted and invited to browse at various pieces of art created by some of the patients at the centre that surround the aisles and perimeter of the theatre. A wide variety of up-beat music plays while you watch the main screen displaying facts about actors/actresses, models, films, and film characters that have suffered from, explored or dealt with a mental illness or drug addiction of some kind. I never realised how much mainstream media deals with the subject of mental illness until I saw it, literally, flash before my eyes. The lights go dim and the show begins ...

As I mentioned before, the film I saw was *Quitting*, by director Zhang Yang. The caption on the program read, "A film about a movie star struggling with addiction - seems like you've seen it before, doesn't it? But how often does the star in question play himself, with his real life parents, friends and associates as supporting cast?" My immediate reaction was disbelief, but it soon became apparent that this wonderful piece of film was, in fact, an act of redemption, healing and forgiveness on the part of its maker Jia Hongsheng. This amazing film portrays Hongsheng's addiction to drugs as neither glamorous nor romantic. It depicts how his worried family arrives from Beijing to take care of a volatile Hongsheng as he struggles to regain the self he once was and has since lost to drugs. Hongsheng's obsession with European culture and The Beatles, his belief that he is John Lennon's son, and the conversations he has with a dragon are just a few of the struggles he faces in dealing with his addiction. Surprisingly enough Hongsheng manages to include several humourous incidents in this film that take the topic of mental dysfunction and turn it, at times, into something more real... something, that like anything, can make people smile.

This movie contains complex issues of culture, self-identity, mental health, and rehabilitation that I can only attempt to touch on in this article. The movie won Best Picture in the Bangkok Film Festival and will be coming to local theatres this month. I strongly suggest that you go see this film and take the journey I did. It's well worth it.

Maybe Eminem Doesn't Do So Much Vicadin After All

by Andrew C. Epstein

8 Mile
Directed by Curtis Hanson
Starring Eminem, Kim Basinger, Brittany Murphy, and Mekhi Phifer
Rated: ★★★★½

Musicians trying to be actors, and actors trying to be musicians. Sometimes when this happens, the product created is often the most atrocious (using the term ever so loosely) art that I have been misfortunate enough to be exposed to. People like Billy Bob Thorton and Bruce Willis think simply because they're talented in one respect that means they are talented all around. This, of course, we know to be untrue.

However there are a fair share of successes. People who you'd never expect to be any good, burst out of the gate with brilliant performances. Will Smith made a smash in *Six Degrees of Separation*, Cher shocked audiences with her offbeat (and ultimately Oscar-winning) performance in *Moonstruck*, and Bjork wowed the Cannes film festival with her role in *Dancer in the Dark*. Now we have Eminem, undoubtedly one of the most successful and captivating solo music stars of all time. Love him or hate him, he is in your face and seemed destined to be a star from the beginning. But now that's a certainty, because he's a Grammy-winning, multi-million record selling artist… oh yeah and he can act too.

Actually that's not giving him enough credit, because in *8 Mile* Eminem gives a fantastic natural performance in his debut role. In all fairness I will admit that this is partially because he is playing himself. He plays young upstart rapper B. Rabbit, who is trying to escape his life of poverty in his Michigan trailer park home, where he lives with his drugged out mother (Kim Basinger), who is screwing one of his classmates from high-school, and his little sister Lily. The film documents the obstacles that lie in his way such as a rival rap group called The Free World, who tries to beat and scare Rabbit and his friends known as Three One Third.

Rabbit battles with his own crisis of mind as he tries to decide whether or not to drop his dreams of getting signed to a record label and just focus on his working class job at the steel works in order to support himself and his family. In every scene Eminem evokes the feelings of fear and frustration that shows why so many great musicians have arisen from Detroit's underdeveloped areas. Remember people like MC5, Alice Cooper, Madonna, Andrew W.K., and most of the great American DJ's all emanate from the same place.

Director Curtis Hanson (*L.A. Confidential*, *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle*), avoids treating this picture as a traditional rags-to-riches story, and instead focuses on Rabbit's development as a person and as a performer. The performances themselves, mostly taking place at battle-rap events, are outstanding. Even the rappers that lose in the opening rounds give stellar appearances. In the press material it's never stated whether or not these were scripted battles or whether Hanson just let them go. Frankly, I kind of hope it was the latter.

Hanson takes great care not to make the film feel forced. All the action seems authentic, as do the individual performances. Rabbit has great chemistry with love interest Alex (Brittany Murphy), as they make love amidst the pulsing and pounding steel works in a wonderfully intense scene. The film forgoes the big showy pay-off at the end, but rather shows the fulfillment of Rabbit as a human being and not a rap star, because as *8 Mile* tries to convince you, that is far more important anyway.

Young Artist Evokes Dark Humour in The Meeting Place

by Elena Bird

Marcel Dzama
More famous drawings

November 6th to December 15th 2002
The Gallery UTSC, (in the Meeting Place)
Monday- Friday, 10am - 4 pm, or by appointment
Free
www.utsc.utoronto.ca/-gallery

After having traveled across North and South America, Europe, and Asia, a retrospective package of the young Canadian artist, Marcel Dzama, can be seen at The Gallery UTSC until the middle of December. Only 28, Dzama was born in Winnipeg and graduated from the University of Manitoba. He has produced more than 2000 drawings and is represented by the prestigious David Zwirner Gallery in New York and Richard Heller Gallery in Santa Monica. Celebrity collectors have raised the value of works that once sold for $5 to more than $1000. Acclaim for Dzama has been bestowed by critics of The New Yorker, The New York Times, and The Los Angeles Times.

In Marcel Dzama: More Famous Drawings, 50 cartoon drawings on 10" x 13" sheets of manila paper, take you on a journey through Dzama's head - a cat's tail props a reclining man; dog boys sit on snowmen; animal gangsters scheme; tanks have animal features, gun slingers shoot music notes; and misshapen bodies emerge from holes in the ground. The color and style evokes a romantic blend of 1920's German militarism and 1950's science fiction. These curious images convey a dark wry humour that is at times tender, but more often cunning and sly. Despite an absence of context, these stark and brutal fables seem oddly familiar. A character as strange as a beer-drinking tree can be depicted with all the intimacy and immediacy of a photograph in an old family album. This is where Dzama shines. He makes the grotesque seem normal. His imagery tests the threshold of abjection but never crosses it, saved by delicacy and restraint - and the license of the cartoon world.

Currently, the Art Gallery of Ontario is also exhibiting seven Dzama works in a small gallery in the contemporary collections, alongside works by two older Canadian artists, Kim Moodie (b. 1951) and Dennis Burton (b. 1933). Dzama's untitled drawings completed in 1998 again parody comic book narrative. There are the stock characters of a cat woman, gunslingers, supermen and inconspicuous tin-head men who slip in and out of the scenes. Eccentric and anti-heroic, this is the realm of medical experiments, conspiracies, spying, and getting away with it. Burton's American Heroes and Foes (1963) is a collage of comic book pages on masonite, over which red, orange and blue paint accentuates two large interlocking circles in the middle of the picture plane. Moodie's Assimilation and Conquest (1994), two lithographs on Japanese paper, depict soldiers invading a mythic jungle of part-animal-part-human characters that intricately flow and interlock like a subterranean labyrinth. This grouping of artists working in a similar vein contextualized Dzama's work, allowing viewers to see just how his shrewd appropriation of the naivet, of cartoons reveals a belligerent gothic aesthetic of diversion, sinew and firing squads. Together these works comment on the pervasiveness of comic book narrative and the range of style, content and inspiration it offers artists.

See also:

Marcel Dzama in the Permanent Collection

Art Gallery of Ontario
317 Dundas Street
Full-time students with ID $9
www.ago.net (see for gallery hours)

ATTENTION

The ***Scarborough Campus Students' Union*** will be holding its Annual General Meeting of members on **Wednesday, November 27, 2002, at 5pm, in S-403.**

All students are welcome to attend.

The following items be discussed:

- To approve the 2001-2002 financial records of the corporation
- To appoint Hogg, Shain & Scheck LLP as the 2002-2003 auditors of the corporation
- To approve a variety of amendments to By-Law #1
- To approve a variety of amendments to By-Law #2
- A report from the President of SCSU

More information on the items above is available from room B-330, the SCSU office. In addition, the agenda for the meeting is available online at scsu.ca

Light snacks and refreshments will be provided.

The Student Voice for Student Needs

Scarborough Campus Students' Union

SCSU.ca

HOGG SHAIN & SCHECK LLP

Chartered Accountants

AUDITORS' REPORT

To the Members of
SCARBOROUGH CAMPUS STUDENTS' COUNCIL
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

We have examined the statement of financial position of **Scarborough Campus Students' Council, University of Toronto** as at April 30, 2002 and the statements of revenues and expenses, changes in fund balances and cash flows for the year then ended. These financial statements are the responsibility of the Council's management. Our responsibility is to express an opinion on these financial statements based on our audit.

We conducted our audit in accordance with generally accepted auditing standards. Those standards require that we plan and perform an audit to obtain reasonable assurance whether the financial statements are free of material misstatement. An audit includes examining, on a test basis, evidence supporting the amounts and disclosures in the financial statements. An audit also includes assessing the accounting principles used and significant estimates made by management, as well as evaluating the overall financial statement presentation.

In our opinion, these financial statements present fairly, in all material respects, the financial position of the Council as at April 30, 2002 and the results of its operations and the changes in its fund balances and cash flow for the year then ended in accordance with generally accepted accounting principles.

Hogg Shain & Scheck LLP
Chartered Accountants

Toronto, Ontario
June 7, 2002

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SCARBOROUGH CAMPUS STUDENTS' COUNCIL
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL POSITION

As at April 30, 2002

	2002 $	2001 $
ASSETS		
Current Assets		
Cash and short-term investments	241,273	182,178
Accounts receivable	14,117	21,684
Prepaid expenses	1,584	1,205
	256,974	205,067
Capital Assets (Note 3)	19,958	21,301
	276,932	226,368
LIABILITIES AND FUND BALANCES		
Current Liabilities		
Accounts payable and accrued liabilities	38,990	32,641
Fund Balances		
Capital assets	19,958	21,301
Operating	217,984	172,426
	237,942	193,727
	276,932	226,368

Approved on Behalf of the Executive Committee:

See accompanying notes.

SCARBOROUGH CAMPUS STUDENTS' COUNCIL
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

STATEMENT OF REVENUES AND EXPENSES

For the year ended April 30, 2002

	2002 $	2001 $
Revenues		
Administrative account	191,941	187,237
Communications commission	200	430
Clubs commission	3,227	4,775
Academic services commission	6,419	8,496
A.P.U.S.	11,775	11,586
Social commission	95,667	95,585
	309,229	308,111
Expenses		
Administrative account	131,253	141,019
Communications commission	2,291	2,135
Clubs commission	13,138	12,998
Academic services commission	9,182	7,661
A.P.U.S.	8,889	8,970
Social commission	100,361	103,850
	265,014	276,823
Excess of Revenues Over Expenses	44,215	31,288

See accompanying notes.

SCARBOROUGH CAMPUS STUDENTS' COUNCIL
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

STATEMENT OF CHANGES IN FUND BALANCES

For the year ended April 30, 2002

	Operating Fund $	Capital Assets $	Total 2002 $	Total 2001 $
Balance - Beginning of the Year	172,436	21,301	193,727	162,439
Excess of Revenues Over Expenses (Expenses Over Revenues)	48,790	(4,584)	44,215	31,288
Transfers re: Capital Assets Purchased	(3,241)	3,241	-	-
Balance - End of the Year	217,984	19,958	237,942	193,727

See accompanying notes.

SCARBOROUGH CAMPUS STUDENTS' COUNCIL
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

STATEMENT OF CASH FLOWS

For the year ended April 30, 2002

	2002 $	2001 $
Net Inflow (Outflow) of Cash Related to the Following Activities		
Operating		
Excess of revenues over expenses	44,215	31,288
Amortization of capital assets	4,584	4,615
	48,799	35,903
Net change in non-cash working capital	13,537	(1,951)
	62,336	33,952
Investing		
Acquisition of capital assets	(3,241)	(5,681)
Net Increase in Cash	59,095	28,271
Cash and Short-Term Investments - Beginning of the Year	181,178	153,907
Cash and Short-Term Investments - End of the Year	241,273	182,178

See accompanying notes.

SAC: Stalin's Administrative Council

Big Brother decides to take us for a ride.

Satan's Bakesale

Andrew Epstein, "The Lord of Darkness"

This past summer I had the extreme pleasure of working as deputy station manager for Vibe Radio 91.9 FM, which broadcasts out of Erindale campus. Since being thrust in to university life just over two years ago, I've worked at all three radio stations in the U of T fold, and in that time I've never encountered the problems that Vibe has had to face in recent months. Since leaving the station in late August, I've not been around to see what damage these events took, so I can only speak from what happened to me personally, but that in itself represents the much larger problem that appears to be facing all students at U of T.

For my work at Vibe I was to receive an honourarium in the grand total of $700. I'm writing this on the night of November 15, and as of yet I haven't seen a penny of this money. It had been a few weeks since I'd heard anything from the Vibe camp, and it was now mid-October. I contacted them only to find out in horror that the Student's Administrative Council (SAC) was withholding their fees. Apparently SAC president Rocco Kusi-Achampong wasn't happy that Vibe's budget had been audited by an independent party and not SAC themselves, and so refused to release Vibe's fees. Only a SAC Board of Directors' vote can allow fees to be withheld, and as one wasn't held, this action (or inaction) shouldn't have been permitted.

Time passed and still no money did I see. In that time (when I wasn't searching in desperation for food, drugs, or textbooks) I was in contact with Vibe on a semi-regular basis, and was repeatedly informed that SAC refused to budge. So it wasn't until a recent front-page story in the Varsity was brought to my attention that I learned a new side to the story.

Now SAC's story had changed dramatically. SAC vice-president John Lea spouted a new story about how Vibe's fees were being held due to a $10,000 debt that they had accumulated from loans from the Erindale College Student Union (ECSU). Lea claimed that it was this debt that was preventing them from relinquishing fees. Too bad I know for a fact that is claim is unsubstantiated. During the summer it was my job to prepare Vibe's budget, and also secure $3000 in advance fees from SAC (as had been the case every summer). These loans from ECSU dated back to when Vibe was founded and were meant to help them pay for equipment and fees. As the station grew, the loans went to pay Vibe's taxes every year. Apparently it was an unspoken agreement that this debt was to never actually be repaid; it was just used by ECSU to help Vibe with certain expenses.

John Lea knew about this, because it he who demanded that I find out where the debt came from when I was pursuing the $3000 advance. So SAC was withholding fees from Vibe over a debt that didn't actually exist. Nothing would change if this "debt" were erased from the financial documents. Or so one would think.

Some believe that all this, in reality, is a calculated scheme perpetrated by SAC in order to take complete control over Vibe. SAC can't do this if there is any remaining connection to ECSU, who also appoints Vibe's board of directors as well. I was also told that in past conversations Kusi-Achampong has made it very clear to Vibe staff members that it is his desire to "own" Vibe, and these events only further demonstrate this. Why do they want this? It's a bit hard to say. I was further told by some that Kusi-Achampong and Lea feel that Vibe is rightfully theirs, others have told me that there is some sort of long-running personal feud between SAC and ECSU, and to remove ECSU's influence from Vibe would be a big coup for SAC. Whatever the reason, this action caused Vibe's daily operations to be greatly disrupted. The station was unable to pay phone bills, bank expenses, or reimburse staff members for expenses.

No one (including current Vibe employees and myself) were paid any salary, and there could be no equipment or supply purchases simply because there was no money. It is here that the major problem lay. This past Wednesday a meeting was held in which SAC finally agreed to produce the money, but the events that occurred should have never happened.

SAC is in place to meet the needs of all U of T students. However with Kusi-Achampong and Lea in control it apparently is only a body concerned with meeting the needs of it's own, with no regard for the people it is supposed to be helping. Does this sound familiar to you? That's because it's fascism, plain and simple, those with authority trying to get what they want at the expense of everyone else. Now I don't know about anyone else, but I feel a little uncomfortable having the organization who controls the student fees run like a dictatorship.

I freely admit that I don't have a direct solution. When given an administrative or managerial position in a school organization my policy has been to punish abuses of power, but that probably isn't going to happen considering the school's current public relations disaster with the U of T presidents recent comments about ethnic diversity. So I appeal to you my fellow students: write, email, or call Kusi-Achampong and Lea and let them know that you don't want to be run by an organization that treats U of T like Stalingrad or East Berlin. Tell them that you believe in best for everyone and not a chosen few. Now let's just hope that Kusi-Achampong or Lea don't have any five-year-plans to annex Poland.

SAC Contact Info

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the 2003 Awards of

EXCELLENCE

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

UTAA

Applications are now being accepted for the NORTHROP FRYE AWARDS

The University of Toronto Alumni Association is pleased once again to join the provost in sponsoring the Northrop Frye Awards.

One individual prize ($2,000) will be awarded to a faculty member who demonstrates innovative and exemplary ways of linking teaching and research.

One divisional prize ($6,000) will be awarded to a faculty, college, school or department for extraordinary curriculum innovation aimed at strengthening the link between teaching and research.

DEADLINE FOR APPLICATIONS:
MONDAY, DECEMBER 2, 2002, 5 P.M.

For further information or nomination forms, please contact your college registrar or the Division of University Advancement, J. Robert S. Prichard Alumni House, 21 King's College Circle, 3rd Floor. Tel: (416) 978-6536 or e-mail linda.wells@utoronto.ca

Hallucinogenics: A Primer

by Sachin "Why In the Hell Am I on the Editorial Staff" Hingoo

So you've dropped your first hit of acid or that first couple grams of 'shrooms and you're waiting for them to kick in. Maybe you're down in the Valley, maybe you're in class, or if you're like me, you're at the CNE.

It's a bright, extremely hot day in July and you're back in Grade 10. A few hours earlier, someone handed you a bag of what looks like scrapings from the bottom of someone's shoe. Someone's shoe that had been walking through a field of shit. The fact that the bag smells uncannily like feet does nothing to diffuse this image.

Take them, your friend says, but make sure you're in a safe place. And is there any place safer than the Exhibition? No, says the mickey of vodka that's cleverly concealed in your pocket, so you meander (stagger is probably a more appropriate word – you drank for the entire bus ride here) over to the funnel cake booth. Sprinkling the contents of the bag onto the fried dough, it's all you can do to keep yourself from puking right there in front of that Ring Toss game you can never win. Again, your pal Smirnoff keeps egging you on. Just eat them, says the almost-empty bottle from your pocket.

So you do, with no small amount of effort. Never before has ice cream been so disgusting. But you're pretty drunk, so things like pain and your gag-reflex are almost completely numbed. Hooray!

You're playing tic-tac-toe against a chicken about an hour later when things start to become a little sketchy. The chicken's dead eyes look right into yours as it seems to be mouthing words. "You don't really think you can beat me, do you? You're drunk and high and I'm in this glass box doing this all day." And of course your concentration is shot. The chicken wins, much to the amusement of the people waiting in line behind you.

You need to find something familiar when you start tripping, your friend told you a few hours ago, it's the only way to keep yourself from freaking out. The chicken experience certainly didn't qualify, so you decide to play some skee-ball. Good old familiar skee-ball.

Big mistake. The concentric circles of the targets keep moving around. At one point your ball actually lands in the lane next to yours. Apologizing and racking up an abysmal score, you decide that games are not for you. Again, vodka-judgment kicks in and tells you to ride something. You're tripping pretty hardcore now, skee-ball having triggered some serious visuals that are now integrated into the schizophrenically-coloured environment of the Ex. Alligators and bears and other giant stuffed prizes seem to take on a life of their own, alternately pleading with you to play their games, or jeering at you when you don't. The wild colours of the midway seem to bleed into the sky as you look up, utterly disoriented.

Before long, you're in front of a roller coaster, the only one at the Ex. You know, the one with the "lap bars" that don't go above your knees. While waiting in line, you start to realize that maybe this isn't such a good idea. "Positive attitude," your friend said, "is the most important thing. If you think you're okay, you are." Okay? You're about to ride a roller coaster that's nowhere in the neighborhood of being safe while under the influence of an entire mickey of vodka and a bag of mushrooms. You'll be fine. Fine, that is, except for the goblins.

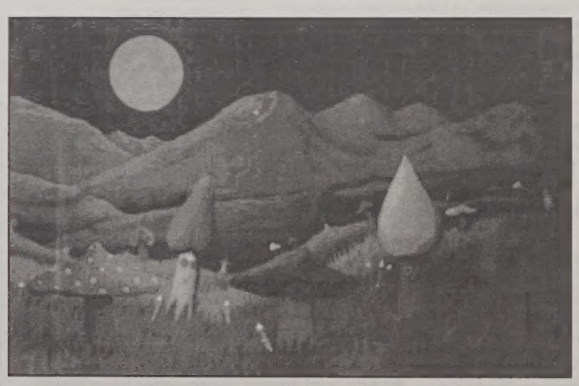
We're all familiar with the goblins in some form. Maybe you stayed up all night studying for an exam, or maybe you're at the Comfort Zone at 9:30 AM on Saturday morning after a rave. Either way, we all know the feeling of those little green monsters flying around your head, cackling and screwing with your vision in ways you'll never understand. Okay, maybe we don't all know that feeling. But I do.

The next thing you know, you're in the coaster's front car, rising towards a purple sky and laughing hysterically. What a great idea this was, you think to yourself. It's just what you needed, a calm, relaxing...oh god. And you're flying. For some reason you can't see the tracks anymore, and this safety bar is definitely not

safe. At least your ankles will remain in the car even if you don't, you think as you go around the first loop. Unsurprisingly, the goblins are keeping up with ease as the car flies up and down with abandon. The coaster actually seems to *pick up* speed around the next loop, this time coming unsettlingly close to hurling you from the car completely. And without warning and with a sudden pitch forwards, it's over.

You regain consciousness at Ontario Place inside the Cinesphere, watching a movie you don't remember paying for. Somehow you managed to cross the bridge and sneak in, it seems. The movie's about bears or winter or something that looks really fucked-up in IMAX. You wonder if they make these movies especially for stoned people. Who else but someone under the influence would enjoy a bunch of disconnected aerial shots of fucking tundra? And indeed you are enjoying it. You start to hallucinate *inside* the boundaries of the humongous screen, picturing people and things (goblins) floating above the manatees or whatever it is the documentary film-makers took great pains to shoot. As the movie draws to a close with a little narration by Charleton Heston, you manage to make your way through the crush of people to the dizzying daylight outside.

You start to come down while floating around in circles on a pedal boat. There's a reason that they make these things for two people, you realize, and also a reason there's pedals on it...for motion. But right now you're incapable of anything much useful. So you float there peacefully into the middle of the lake, watching the sun go down and reflecting on this beautiful, terrible day. The pedal boat attendant is getting pretty angry now and is yelling at you to come back, but you afford him none of your attention. And maybe, just maybe, you're saddened a bit. Not from any particular event during this surreal day, but by the fact that there's not a snowball's chance in hell that you'll remember any of it.



This "article" is meant to amuse you... Neither *The Underground*, nor it's Editorial Board endorses the use or consumption of illicit drugs (or alcohol for that matter) in public, family-oriented places such as the CNE. That's what *GLOW* is for... See you in the Meeting Place this Friday night.

comics

SELF-HATRED FUNNIES

CHARACTERS NOW EXTRA CUTE

BY SARAH "LA LOCA" BARMAK

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I SEEK YOU, but I really have nothing to say…

How the Instant Messaging System is destroying the Art of Conversation.

by Robert Chung

The rise of the almighty Internet has made connecting with people from anywhere around the world only a matter of pointing and clicking. Communication has become easier and more convenient. It is possible in today's high-tech world to be constantly connected to those with whom we wish to communicate. The advent of Internet Instant Messaging has this possible, without even seeing them face-to-face. Two prominent figures in this once new, now totally entrenched fad are ICQ, and MSN Messenger. And just like instant coffee, these forms of communication were created for those with no time to spare, and for whom quality isn't as important as convenience. We no longer meet people somewhere, but in the "nowhere in particular" of collective cyber-consciousness.

If we are in constant connection with anyone and everyone, how long will it be before we all run out of things to talk about? One can only maintain a conversation so long before he or she begins to be bored, not only with what the other person has to say, but with what they themselves have to say. Suddenly, when we actually face each other in person, we have very little to say to one another. Words become unnecessary, and we revert to Neanderthal like grunts and moans to express how, or what, we are feeling. Conversations are becoming one-word ping pong matches, where each person says as little as possible while keeping the conversation going, and it soon becomes a series of ummms and ahhhs, and even mehhhs. We accept this decline of coherent verbal language just as we did the 8-track tape.

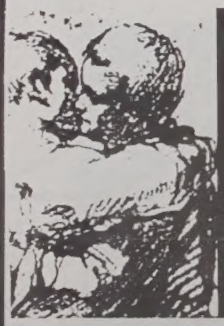
And what is the Internet Instant Messaging anyway? When I am "chatting" away on ICQ or MSN (to God knows who) a disembodied voice coming from another computer is receiving my own disembodied voice represented in words, sentences and different symbols that even the most basic user of these programs is familiar with. Where is the person in all of this? And how do I know that the person I am speaking to is actually the person I wish to be speaking to? It could very well be some stranger, some impostor pretending to be someone I know. And the scary thing is that I will never be entirely sure.

Such a lack of certainty is what makes the Internet communication system so attractive. Being able to say what you want without facing possible embarrassment, and more importantly, being able to *be* who you want, is what makes Instant Messaging on the Internet so much easier than face-to-face communication. On MSN or ICQ, if we mistakenly say something we didn't mean, or say something that might be construed as stupid, all we have to do is type "LOL" or "JK" or that stupid J and shrug it off. There is no red-faced embarrassment, nor is there the uncomfortable silence and awkwardness that usually follow a dim-witted comment. There is no censorship on the Internet, nor is there any means of controlling what is said to whom. There is a total freedom – a lack of accountability that allows those demented few to use the Internet for their own sick personal pleasures.

Soon enough, people will not need mouths, or vocal chords, or facial muscles that allow us to smile, laugh, or show any emotions; Humans will have keyboards attached to their fingers, and LCD screens covering our faces, with thoughtless lazy messages like:

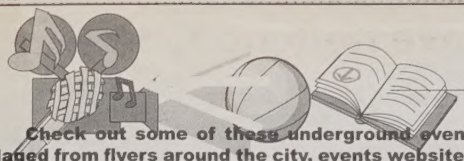
C U L8R J.

Sexual Diversity at UTSC



Challenging Homophobia on Campus

A Workshop in Anti-Homophobia
Today, 2 to 4pm
in Council Chambers (S-403)



events

Check out some of these underground events... The following is a listing of events information pillaged from flyers around the city, events websites and other low-key or hard-to-find places. If you know of an event that might benefit from a little bit of buzz (i.e. Ticketmaster is not involved) let us know by sending an email with "EVENTS" in the subject line to: *undergnd@utsc.utoronto.ca*

***The Underground* and its staff do not guarantee any information printed in this listing. Do to the often sketchy nature of such events, the details are liable to change, or be outright false. Make use of any contact information provided beforehand.... and otherwise, have fun!**

Nov. 15-23 ART SYSTEM Installation. The Art Firm: Jason MacIsaac and Mark Sprott. 327 Spadina. 416-542-1222.

Nov. 20 Ballet Creole. Afro-Caribbean Drum and Dance Ensemble, performs in the Meeting Place. 7:30 pm. Limited seating, reserve by calling 416-287-7007. PWYC Admission.

Nov. 20 Dream Catcher Workshop Ryerson Aboriginal Students Services, 350 Victoria St. 2-4pm. $5. 416-979-5000 ext 6660

Nov. 20 Gardening Lecture at Civic Garden Centre. 777 Lawrence E. 7:30pm, Free. 416-397-1340

Nov. 20 Sex Is Not the Issue. Talk on relationships from a gestalt perspective. 7-9pm. The Gestalt Institute of Toronto, 194 Carlton. $5. 416-964-9464

Nov. 20 BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD: AFRICAN CANADIAN FEMINISMS. Book launch. 7pm, Toronto Women's Bookstore, 73 Harbord Street (at Spadina). FREE

Nov. 20 Walking Into Peace. Workshop on communicating with people of different cultures. 6:30pm York Woods Library, 1785 Finch W. Free. To register, 416-395-5980.

Nov. 20 There will be an **anti-homophobia workshop** happening on Wednesday November 20th, 2-4pm in the council chambers (4th Floor S-wing)... please come out and support!

Nov. 20 Kerri Sakamoto reading. 5pm, Wilson Hall. 40 Willcocks St., Free. 416-978-5026.

Nov. 21 Mark Kingwell speaks. Presenting his latest book *Practical Judgements: Essays in Culture, Politics, and Interpretation*. 7:30pm, Innis Town Hall, 2 Sussex. Free.

Nov. 22 Glow... (sub)urban night lights. Music, dancing, funky performance art, video streaming and body painting. Presented by AMSS. 9pm Meeting Place All-ages/wristband. $10 advance/ $15 door

Nov. 22 Books, Live! presented by the White Ribbon Campaign. Michael Redhill, Nino Ricci, Michael Winter, Andrew Pyper, Dennis Bock, Michael Crummey, Rohinton Mistry. 7:30pm, Con Hall. call Ticketmaster - 416-870-8000. $22.50, or $9 for students.

Nov. 22 Saint Cecilia Choral Concert. 8pm at St. James' Cathedral, King/ Church. $15. All proceeds to support Cathedral Outreach Ministries. 416-364-7865

Nov. 22 FREE FRIDAY FILMS AT INNIS COLLEGE - The Taiwanese Series. Hsi Yen [The Wedding Banquet] Innis Town Hall, 2 Sussex Ave. 7:00p.m.

Nov. 22 Legendary Figures in Indian Music. Shankar & Gingger and Zakir Hussain. 8pm, Toronto Centre for the Arts., 5040 Yonge. 416-870-8000.

Nov. 23 16th Annual Women's Blues Revue. 8pm, The Music Hall, 147 Danforth. Tickets at Toronto Women's Bookstore, Pages Books, Soundscapes and Backbeat Records. Call Toronto Blues Society 416-538-3885 or www.torontobluessociety.com

Nov. 25 The University Professor Lecture Series, feat. Martin Friedland. "Reflections: A History of the University of Toronto" Location: Northrop Frye Hall, 73 Queen"s Park. 7:00 p.m

Nov. 25 U of T Bookstore Reading Series. w/ Camilla Gibb, Eric McCormack, Andrew Pyper, Rui Umezawa. 7:30pm, Hart House Library, 7 Hart House Circle (2nd Floor).

Nov. 27 Victoria Women's Association presents **"The New Program for First Year Students"** Speaker: Dr. David Cook, Principal, Victoria College. Alumni Hall, 2:00 p.m.

Nov. 27 to Dec. 1 REEL ASIAN INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL. See website for more details. http://www.reelasian.com/

Nov. 27 Re:Cite(All)1 Leigha Lee Browne Theatre, 7 pm

Nov. 27 UTSC Band Holiday Concert Meeting Place, 12 noon: FREE

Nov. 27 Holding Corporations to Account. A free forum at the St. Lawrence Centre. 27 Front E. 7:30-9:30pm. 416-366-1656 http://forum.stlc.com

Nov. 28 Re:Cite(All)1 Leigha Lee Browne Theatre, 7 pm

Nov. 29 Re:Cite(All)1 Leigha Lee Browne Theatre, 7 pm

Nov. 29 UTSC Choirs Holiday Concert Meeting Place, 7 pm: FREE

Nov. 29 TEMPTRESS. Outrageous NYC Drag Rock Band. 4pm, Wildside. 161 Gerard E. Free. 416-921-6112.

Nov. 29 This Bridge We Call Home, book launch and party. 9pm Steelworker's Hall - 33 Cecil Street Tix: $8-12 (sliding scale).

Nov. 30 EarthTONES 2002. Live Music feat. Faculty of Medicine's finest musicians. Proceeds to children's healthcare initiatives world-wide. $12 - 7pm @ Convocation Hall Info/tickets call 416-978-2684 earthtones2002@hotmail.com

Nov. 30 End of Term Party This event will celebrate the affiliation of the Toronto Center for Lesbian and Gay Studies with the Sexual Diversity Studies Program and the launch of several scholarships for Sexual Diversity Studies Students. Come and meet other faculty and students who are associated with the program. 5:00p.m.-8:30p.m. University College Room 240

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For further information or nomination forms, please contact your college registrar or the Division of University Advancement, J. Robert S. Prichard Alumni House, 21 King's College Circle, 3rd Floor Tel: (416) 978-6536 or e-mail linda.wells@utoronto.ca

diversions

diversions

by
Kelly Lisle
& Ayshia Degia

This week team diversions brings you a colour by number that you can be proud of. So if anyone asks, this is a painting by Emil Nolde entitled Masks, from the year 1911. It is currently in the collection of the Nelson Atkins Museum of art in Kansas City.

Your job this week is to look in your pencil case for the colour by number materials specified below, follow the simple instructions, and revel in your new found appreciation for art history, and colouring.

To complete this masterpiece you will need:

green highlighter
blue highlighter
yellow highlighter
pink highlighter
a black pen
liquid paper (preferably in pen form, for those precise sharp lines.)

legend:
1=green highlighter
2=blue highlighter
3=yellow highlighter
4=pink highlighter
5=black pen
6=liquid paper
7=liquid paper, coloured over with pink highlighter

happy colouring!
Note: Team Diversions would like to dedicate this week's column to Prof. Lora Carney